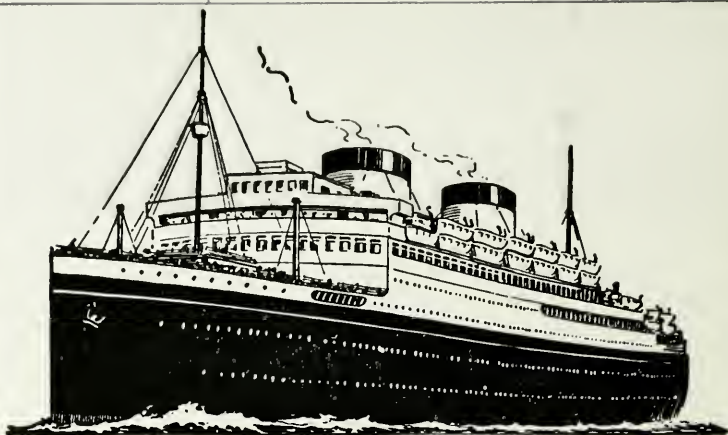


Millennial Star



Lydia Jane Brown
A Latter-Day Saint Mother.

(See page 297)



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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

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Museum 1354

And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues.
—Mark 16: 17

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THIS WEEK'S COVER—

○N the cover of this Mothers' Day issue, the MILLENNIAL STAR has the picture of Lydia Jane Brown as being an outstanding Latter-day Saint mother. She was a daughter of James S. Brown, a member of the Mormon Battalion, and mother of fourteen children—seven boys and seven girls—thirteen of whom are now living. Five of her sons have filled missions to foreign lands, two of them returning for a second time, and all her children have been active in the Church. In addition to her motherhood duties she found time to serve as president of a Stake Relief Society, travelling for hundreds of miles in the service of others. (See page 297)

On Mothers' Day Sunday

By ZINA CARD BROWN

HOW we thrill, on Mothers' Day Sunday, as we look toward the stand where our mothers are seated all smiling and flower-bedecked. Slightly embarrassed with this demonstration of honour and reverence, some are unable to conceal their self-consciousness. Still their faces are all alight from that inner glow of pride in their children—from that very glory that is motherhood.

The remembrance of past Mothers' Day services prompted the following lines for:

MOTHERS' DAY

Do I detect a hidden smile
That sort of says, "Well, after while,
When this short but blessed day
Has gone its flower perfuméd way,
And all the mothers of the town,
Who sat all robed in Sunday gown,
Have stepped from pedestal and frame,
And life jogs on about the same
As was its want before you came
And stirred my heart with that loved name,"
My Mother.

Confess right now, oh Mother dear,
That in your heart there is a fear,
That when the plane that brought me here
Has winged its way across the blue,
And I'm no longer here with you,
You fear the glories of this Day
Will be forgot and put away,
That you must wait a whole year through,
Until once more I fly to you,
To keep your day.

Oh, Mother mine, I did not know
Until I saw your face aglow
With that dear light that shone so fair,
It filled my heart with grateful prayer,
That love expressed by me for you,
Had power to lift and joy bestow.
So every day is Mothers' Day,
From now 'till all your days are through
Of course I'll write, I'll even stay,
If it would seem the better way,
Oh Mother dear.

Now I've grown up and rather tall,
Can it be that you've grown small?
Have we traded places after all?
Surely that's as it was meant to be,
I'll care for you—you cared for me.
How very proud I'll ever be
To play the role you played for me,
And watch o'er you with loving care
And truly say, "You grew more fair
Each day."

God grant that I shall never trace
A single tear adown your face,
Unless it be a tear of joy
That springs from Mother love and pride.
That's right, I'm glad to see that smile,
Yes, I'm staying on awhile,
And while you're circled in my arm,
I know you're safe from every harm.
So here I stay right by your side,
As long as God let's you abide,
With me, your child.

Career Girl

By JOHN SHERMAN WALKER

CONDENSED FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ABOVE the fine, sweet strains of the violin she played, Sonia was increasingly aware of the swift click of train-wheels as the train carried her westward.

Her compartment was the last word in luxury, as became a virtuoso of such brilliance as to have been acclaimed by the critic, Kuimm, in his ordinarily caustic review, as "Madamoiselle Paganini."

That was a triumph for Sonia Marnov, who from her little-girl days—when her small fingers would scarcely reach around the neck of a violin—had set the goal of her career high—as high, even, as that which had been reached by the greatest of master-men of the violin.

Her father, a maker of fine violins and a gifted player himself, had taught Sonia well the traditions and technique of the violin—and Sonia very early had shown a natural genius for playing the instrument.

As she progressed she had been impressed, however, with the fact that all of the more noted violinists had been men. Naively, as a girl, she had asked herself, why couldn't a woman surpass them all in this art with the bow and strings?

So, it was a triumph—Kruimm calling her "Madamoiselle Paganini"—and Sonia exulted as she ended her playing with a confident, swaggering sweep of her bow over the strings.

Swaying slightly with the rhythm, she was an exotically lovely figure in the subdued light, the clear whiteness of her skin in cameo-contrast with the smooth-drawn

black sheen of her hair and the shining jet of her eyes.

For a moment she held the violin under the soft glow of the lamp, admiring the darkly-red lustre of its wood.

Could any lover speak to her in nobler tones than her Cremona; would anyone be so responsive to her touch and mood as this, her violin-love? Was there any mortal experience to compare with the pleasure of creating beautiful music; what greater career than that?

Sonia held the violin to her breast in a passionate moment—then lightly touched her pale lips to the satin-wood of the Cremona before placing it away in its case.

With her exultation, however, had come a dread apprehension. How long could a career such as hers last? A few short



years of strenuous concert playing—after that, the inevitable waning, mediocre years that she knew she could not endure—until, oblivion. The thought seemed to suffocate her and the train compartment was all at once stifling.

It was then that the smooth speed of the train slackened and the click-a-click of the wheels came slower in Sonia's consciousness. The train was stopping, and to Sonia, at that moment, it meant a brief release from the confining compartment—a breath of outside night air that would clear her mind of the mood that tormented her.

The train now was stopped amid a jangling of bells and muffled words from down the track. Quickly Sonia went along the aisle and out down the steps of her car. Outside there was the glimmer of lights somewhere ahead near the engine and a shuffling noise at the baggage car.

Sonia stepped from the lowest car-step, but with a startled cry, tried to catch herself from the fall upon the steep embankment by the tracks, which in the dark, she had mistaken for a station platform. But a high-heeled ankle buckled under her as she struck the cindered slope.

Her sharp cry of pain was lost amid the click-clack of the wheels gathering speed as the train glided off without her—and in a matter of minutes it had left only the dull glimmer of a red tail-lamp disappearing into the vast dark of the night.

Not entirely lost, though—Sonia's outcry into the cool night air. The twin glare of auto-lights came piercing the dark, down a road paralleling the tracks. Sonia's sprained ankle was sickening her—and only half-consciously she heard a masculine voice from the automobile saying, "Here, take the wheel, Gracie! Someone's out there by the track. I'll see."

Sonia felt herself lifted into the back seat of the auto, then was lost in a feverish, half-waking sick stupor that continued in a gently-jarred ride for hours it seemed as the car eased its way along a rough-hewn road that led on to a rustic lodge in the depths of a forest.

A morning later Sonia was seated on the sunny, rustic porch of Lake-view Lodge—a studio on the hills—beside the man who had rescued her from the terrifying night at the train-stop. He was saying:

"You're Sonia Marnov, of course. I realized that as soon as I'd got you here—'Madamoiselle Paganini'—from your pictures in the music journals. I read them, you see."

Sonia studied the man's sunbrowned, handsome face, accentuated by the white of his open, flaring collar; his humorous lips; an artist's unruly, thick hair that caught a dark-reddish tint under the sun; clear, casual, grey eyes that seemed to dream a little even as he looked at her. There was a flash of recognition in her eyes as Sonia spoke. "And you—you're—"

Her companion glanced off into the woods and interrupted, "'Wildrose'—'Indian Dawning'—you've played them, Sonia. I composed them."

(Continued on page 299)

For All That We Are

By ELDER M. FLOYD CLARK

(British Mission Sunday School Superintendent)



"That sense of pride and responsibility."

"NO man or woman can live another's life. That is the anguishing thing that parents have to learn. You can not take the blows for your children, however much you yearn to shield them; you can only flinch and close your eyes and walk away, knowing the mettle you have built into them, hoping it will stand."

Those words were written by Helen Miller, a novelist. She understood the feelings experienced by a father and mother during the raising of a family. She knew that every parent rejoices when a child is born to them and also that they have then the added responsibility of raising that child to a mature age; of giving it a background and foundation that will stand in the face of unexpected buffets; of building a character which has the mettle to stand.

That sense of pride and responsibility, combined with a natural mother instinct, is the reason every mother guards her child so closely. She will deprive herself of food, of clothing, of almost anything, if by so doing she can give to her child. Yes, many mothers have given their health and even life itself for their children, and although mothers can not take their blows, they are always ready to lend support if they can.

Through our baby years our mothers watched over us. You can remember how the slightest unusual sound brought your mother running to see if you were hurt. Do you remember the first morning you went to school? Who was it that got you ready and started you off? Did you ever drop your doll? No? Well then you lost your marbles or your pocket knife. Who was it that put an arm round you and helped you with your lessons? Who was it that always had an arm to put round you when something went wrong? Who answered all the questions that came to your growing mind; answered them so that you could not help but understand? Yes, you remember.

Did your mother forget you through your late teens? No, she was there, although most of the time she had to stay in the background because you thought you knew more than she

did. But she was there just the same, feeling for you, wishing you would let her help you. She had gone through the same thing and knew just what to do, but she also knew that you were like she had been and would not like being told.

In this way a mother helps her sons and daughters to grow up into men and women. She gives them the greater part of her life, then watches them marry and begin to raise a family of their own. She stands proudly by when her son or daughter does an honest or noble thing, or feels remorse of soul when a wrong choice is made, but then immediately tries to help. This is the role of the mother.

In 1907, Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., conceived the idea of having one day of the year set aside in which to show to her mother, and all mothers, appreciation for the many years of service they had given. Others heard of her plan, it gained popularity, and on May 9th, 1914, President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed a national celebration of "Mothers' Day."

The Latter-day Saints welcomed this recognition of the mother, revering as they do motherhood and all things connected with a happy home. With the mention of "Mothers' Day" came the recollection of incidents in the lives of the parents or grandparents of nearly every Latter-day Saint. Everyone remembered the events that surrounded the exodus of that sturdy group of people to the West—the hardships the mothers went through to preserve their children and to build for them a home where they could serve the Lord without being ridiculed by men too vain and narrow of mind to have faith in God. All this was too close for them to forget.

To the Sunday School came the privilege of honouring those noble mothers, and every year on the second Sunday in May it conducts a special programme for them and on that day acknowledges a few of the things they have done for us. Usually a small token of remembrance is given to each mother present, but that does not mean so much to her as does seeing one of her children giving a tribute as a part of the programme. In the latter is demonstrated part of the very thing every mother tries to build into the character of her children. She is proud to see her child stand out, for it is a reflection of her, and a promise of things to come.

We dedicate May 14th "To Mother" and on that day will especially acknowledge our indebtedness to her for our being, for our rearing, for our health, for our character—for all that we are.

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT CONFERENCE, MAY 14th.

NEWCASTLE District conference will be held in the Co-operative Hall, Whitley Street, West Hartlepool, on Sunday, May 14th. The meetings will convene at 11.00 a.m. and 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. President Hugh B. Brown and other mission authorities will be in attendance.



M-G-M Photo

A Pioneer Mother and Child

MOTHERHOOD

By C. BYRON WHITNEY

Have you faced the grey dawn
of a life to be,

When the shadow of death
lurked nigh,

And out of the silence where a
sweet form lay,

Came the sound of a babe's
first cry?

Have you felt the firm grip of
the mother's hand,

And murmured, "God bless my
wife!"

And somehow felt that He
would?—if not—

Then what do you know of life?

Have you stood in that moment
when only God knew

Of a life to be gained or lost?

Have you thrilled with the
thought of a joy to come,

Yet trembled with fear of the
cost?

And later, when fellows were
shaking your hand,

And you felt like a peacock,
vain,

Did you think of the one who
helpless lay

Still paying the price in pain?

And on through the years have
you watched their course—

How she stoops, while the child
grows tall?

Have you witnessed the thing
called "Motherhood?"

No?—then you've not lived at
all.

POETRY

TO MY SON

By MARGARET JOHNSTONE GRAFLIN

Do you know that your soul is
or my soul such a part,
That you seem to be fibre and
core of my heart?

None other can pain me as you,
dear, can do;

None other can please me or
praise me as you.

Remember the world will be
quick with its blame,

If shadow or stain ever darken
your name.

"Like mother, like son," is a
saying so true,

The world will judge largely of
mother by you.

Be yours, then, the task, if task
it should be,

To force the proud world to do
homage to me.

Be sure it will say when its
verdict you've won,

She reaped as she sowed, Lo!
This is her son.



THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1939.

EDITORIAL

Motherhood

IN this age of selfishness and greed, of birth control and barrenness, of easy divorce and broken homes and juvenile delinquency; in this age of cheap amusement, idleness and lack of discipline, it is well to search for basic values, to call attention to the fact that the home is the nation's most fundamental institution and that mothers are the first professors in that character building school.

Let us hold the ideals of motherhood before the young women of the land. Teach them that womanhood is glorified by motherhood and place new emphasis upon the spiritual factors which make not so much for extension as for depth.

In a world where moral growth is lagging in the race with desire for gain in this vaunted scientific age, we still must have consecrated motherhood, spiritual quality, idealism, religious faith, both cleansing and ennobling, else the culture of which we boast may prove to be our own undoing.

"We need the touch of the hand that rocks the cradle to steady and guide a rocking world."

A Tribute To Motherhood

THE STAR joins today in paying tribute to mothers and motherhood. The season seems most appropriate, springtime—new birth—love and sunshine—Easter time when our hearts are tender from reminders of the greatest love of all. On Mothers' Day we think of the springtime of our lives when, following the winter of their travail, we budded into being.

Wherever human beings live, whether in palace or in cottage, there is universal homage paid to mother. Around her and her memory there is woven the tenderest and most beautiful, the sweetest and most wistful, the finest and most enduring fabric of human relationship.

On this day we say with flowers, with poetry, with oratory and with song, that we will not forget their self-effacing love.

Our Blessed Privilege

THEY whose mothers are still living should be reminded of their blessed privilege to let them know they are remembered, for mothers, too, must be TOLD that they are loved and not left always to assume it.

They who can no longer speak or write to mother, can best show the genuineness of their appreciation by living lives of nobility and of dignity, for, "they truly mourn the dead who live as they desire."

From early childhood, when their tender touch dispelled the fear of darkness or healed a tiny wound, even unto maturity and old age, when their counsel seemed the very fountain of wisdom, mothers have been the central figures in the home and hence the most potent factors in the nation's moral life.

They Live The Sermons We Try To Preach

MOTHERS only have the art to make the truths they teach and the lives they live all one pattern. They live the sermons which we try to preach. They are just but always merciful, their love is never feigned; they are purity personified and are never too busy to be kind. What a mighty force for good is the army of mothers in nations where individual character is still the state's best guarantee.

Their Trust Inspires Another Effort

WHEN sorrow, disillusionment, defeat beset our path we go to them for comfort, faith and courage. Even when we must pay the price of folly or of sin, they never lose their confidence; their trust inspires another effort, their faith in us makes our repentance real.

A mother's love may be observed from both sides of the valley of life. It was there before we breathed and will endure beyond the grave. Neither birth nor death can break the cord which binds our lives to theirs. When they precede us through the veil their love becomes an advocate with God. Their memory whispers, "Follow me." They go to prepare a place for us. May they labour not in vain. The best evidence of our love will be our fitness to abide with them.—HUGH B. BROWN

My Other Mother

THE noble face that makes a benediction of our cover is the face of my Other Mother. This she was from the day I came to her home as a bride. No mother-in-law ever won and kept the devotion of her "other children" more deservedly than she. We went to her with our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears, our fun and follies, knowing full well that she would always understand and respond to our need. Justice and wisdom were her two greatest gifts.

Her beautiful smile spoke volumes, and warmed one's whole being. Just that smile gave one courage to carry on. Her poise and queenly grace that were born of faith and high courage, she wore to the last. Her rare sense of humour and understanding of youth as well as of age brought her grandchildren flocking to her side. She was often the first to know of their youthful affairs of the heart.

Hers was a life of devotion to others. As the president of the Alberta Stake Relief Society, she travelled hundreds of miles in rain and shine. Even the Canadian blizzards did not deter her when duty called.

A devoted wife, a glorious mother, she passed from this life just prior to her eightieth birthday anniversary. At the time of her passing her thirteen living children encircled her bed. With our companions, we mourned her death, realizing that we had sustained a great loss. But her love and influence will never die.

My own Mother rejoiced that there existed such a bond of affection between us, knowing well that my love for Mother Brown dimmed not at all my love for her. I welcome this opportunity to tell of my devotion to my Other Mother.

—ZINA C. BROWN

Merited Honour

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERHOOD

CONDENSED FROM THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

FOR the purpose of honouring and uplifting motherhood the second Sunday in May is set apart as Mothers' Day. The observance of such a Mothers' Day is to be commended. Prompting expressions of love and kindness, this day has brought joy to mother hearts the world over. Helping children, young and old, to a realization of their indebtedness and responsibility to "the best mother who ever lived" has expanded the joy and enlarged the character of thousands.

People generally like to be honoured but in motherhood, as in any other situation, let us be honoured because of genuine merit. There are as many degrees of excellence in motherhood as in any other thing in life. It is a great privilege to mother children whether they are ours by birth or circumstance. With mothering are born love, hope, pride, ambition, and many other glorious attributes of character. With privilege comes responsibility. In mothering, that responsibility is to intelligently rear our children, wisely guiding and directing them toward honourable living. Intelligent mothering is certainly more than highly emotionalized mothering which showers love and adoration upon the child to the point of over-indulgence; more than mothering which sacrifices itself to the weakness of the child and justifies and upholds him when he errs. Intelligent mothering realizes that the child's future to a large extent is measured in the mother's ability to influence and direct wisely. It establishes in the home worthy ideals and standards; it teaches faith; it trains the child to conquer self; it teaches the gospel of work; it develops honesty and loyalty. It provides opportunity for the best development of the child physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. It consistently holds the child up to his best efforts.

The genuine mother reaches beyond her own, sensing her responsibility to all children. Wherever a child is found cold, hungry, in need of attention or care of any kind, she renders loving and intelligent service.

Mothers' Day is a good day for taking stock, for reflection upon the ambitions we hold for our children and for all children, and also for consideration of the way in which we are performing our tasks as mothers.

No greater honour can come to any woman than to rear a child to manhood or womanhood, reflecting her teaching in worthwhile and honourable living. No greater tribute does the mother ask.

CAREER GIRL

(Continued from page 292)

"Kent Dowell!—of course. I know now. Your songs are lovely. I've often wished that I could meet you."

Kent Dowell smiled questioningly at her.

"And now that you have——?"

It was Sonia's turn to look away. The warbled chorus of woodbirds clamoured unobtrusively about them and the early sun was just glancing down the blue-green aisles through the pine trees. Musky, wild-earth smells were wafted their way—of wood violets and columbines and the pungent over-scent of the pines.

Kent continued as his hand arched the forest.

"And now that you have met me—know what I like—do you think that you could learn to like it too, Mademoiselle Paganini? Did fate place us both on that train, and put us off together at my special stopping place there, for a purpose?"

Sonia's dark eyes were alight with emotion as she answered:

"I could love these things you love; your great forest—the woodbirds—the lodge here—and your sweet sister Gracie—even more than my Cremona."

"And your career, Sonia?"

"Oh, I shall have my career, too—you will see, to continue on for the years—and years."



Kent, peering deep into her eyes, was satisfied—sure that he understood the secret of her contentment.

Within the week Sonia had sent a telegram to her distraught concert manager in a distant city where she was to have appeared. It read:

"Cancel all concerts. Have permanent engagement here. Please send Cremona,—Sonia."

* * *

"No——like this, sonny boy—your little fingers on the strings, so—and hold your bow this way. Now play."

Sonia was kneeling patiently beside the roguish-eyed, sturdy son of hers, revelling in his eager interest in the little violin that Kent had brought him.

Wide-eyed, the boy drew the bow across the strings and laughed as the violin responded. The mild sun shining through the lodge window touched the dark waves of his hair with a red glow—the same as Kent Dowell's, who was standing, with his sister, Gracie, smiling down on the boy and Sonia, at the first lesson.

Sonia hugged the boy to her as she looked up, tears shining in her eyes, and declared:

"So, you see, my career continues!"

Mother As A Teacher Of Religion

BY JOHN QUAYLE

AN abundance of faith in Deity is the blessed portion of womankind. Woman's intuition, which so often points the way in moral and material matters, also gives the assurance that a kind Father rules in the heavens. Do you know a man who has not felt this sweet assurance to his betterment?

In motherhood a woman's nurturing hand seems to impart her potent faith in a new and more assertive manner. "Come here, dear, that will soon be all right," she says to her child as the little one comes sobbing to her after some painful mishap. And in her soothing words and caress there is the ever-present assurance that this is God's world, that He is good, life is sweet, and along life's pathway are many joyful lessons. In a thousand ways she plants the seed of faith in her own. The spirituality gained through mother is beyond price.

No man, however great, has risen to heights of spiritual attainment that have surpassed the teachings of a good mother. Men may forget them, and degrade themselves, but the teachings of mother are sublime. How often the tribute is paid to mother when men of prominence are heard to say, "I have an abiding faith in God—a faith that has endured since it was planted within me at the knee of my mother."

To the Mormon people there is an added significance to the faith which our mothers impart, for it is by faith that we shall light the shadows which fall from the mountain of Babylon in our midst. It is this faith which can remove that mountain, for we can impart living faith to the world.

A Mother's Love

ONE calm, bright, sunshiny day an angel stole out of heaven and came down to this earth and roamed the field and forest, city and hamlet, and just as the sun went down, he meditated and said, "My visit is o'er, I must go back to the world of light, but before I go I will gather some mementos of my visit here." and he looked over into the beautiful flower garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant these flowers are," and he plucked the rarest roses and said, "I see nothing more beautiful or fragrant than these. I will take them with me." But he looked a little farther and saw a beautiful, rosy cheeked babe, smiling into its mother's face. "Oh! that baby's smile is prettier than the flowers, I will take that too." Then he looked just beyond the cradle and there was a mother's love pouring out like the sunlight from Heaven toward the cradle and the babe. He said, "Oh; that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth, I will carry that, too, as my treasure." He went his way to Heaven and said, "Before I go in I will examine my mementos," and he looked at the flowers and they had withered, he looked at the baby's smile, it had faded away, but the mother's love was there in all its fragrance and beauty. He threw aside the

withered flowers and the faded smile and led the hosts of Heaven saying, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance into Heaven: A Mother's love."

Reminders And Announcements

JUST a few more reminders and announcements concerning the coming conference:

The first reminder is directed at those who have not registered. **Remember, these registrations must be in the office by May 15th, or the committee cannot assure your getting a lodge.** That means there can be no further announcement.

This is your last reminder.

Gleaner "Treasures of Truth," and the Bee-Hive books should be sent at once to "Freida Bailey, 55 Ditchingham Street, Sheffield." They, too, must be in by May 15th. The display of these articles added much to the conference last year, and this year's should be even better.

"Andante," a one-act drama, is being prepared by a picked London cast, directed by Sister Madeline E. R. Hill and Brother James P. Hill.

Some really fine entertainment is assured.

Next week's STAR will have the complete conference programme, and will be issued as a souvenir edition. Watch for it.

And don't forget those registrations!



LONDON DISTRICT CONFERENCE

"**M**ORMONISM is either the most important message, or the greatest fraud, the world has ever known," stated Elder Joseph F. Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, at the evening session of London District conference, held Sunday, May 7th. Elder Smith pointed out several reasons for a faith in the work of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and made an appeal for all people to study his teachings for themselves. President Hugh B. Brown revealed that religious leaders the world over are beginning to realize the need for new vitality in religion, and stated that Mormonism had that vitality. Supervising Elder David S. King concluded the conference theme, which had been discussed in a series of speeches during the day, and a farewell talk was given by Dr. Ray M. Russell, British Mission Y.M.M.I.A. president, who is leaving soon for America. The meeting was conducted by

District President Andre K. Anastasiou, and there were approximately 375 people in attendance.

Speakers at the afternoon session were Sister Jesse Evans Smith, wife of Elder Smith, Elders Thornton Y. Booth, Samuel S. Musser, Hugh C. Brown and Aldon J. Anderson, and Elder Smith. Brother James P. Hill conducted the meeting.

Brother James R. Cunningham was in charge of the morning meeting, and the following spoke: Elders Grant R. Holt, Rodney W. Tew and L. Blaine Cummand, and Elder Smith.

Vocal solos were given at each session by Sister Smith; a quartet composed of Elders Booth, Anderson, Douglas H. Brammer and M. Floyd Clark sang at the morning meeting; and the South London Branch Choir, led by Sister Gwendoline Silsbury, sang at the afternoon and evening sessions.

News of the Church in the World

ARCHITECTURAL plans for a Latter-day Saint temple in the state of Idaho have been approved by the First Presidency of the Church, and work will commence as soon as possible. Although designed for utility, the simplicity of its lines are expected to give it both beauty and character. The building will be built of reinforced concrete and will

have a tower rising up approximately 125 feet, which is expected to dominate its location on the northwestern side of the city of Idaho Falls. Architects who designed the structure are Edward O. Andersen, Georgius Y. Cannon, John Fetzer, Ramm Hansen, H. C. Pope and Lorenzo S. Young.

Of Current Interest

DISTRIBUTION of gas masks in Poland is to be on the hire-purchase system, the people paying tenpence a month for 21 months.

LIGHT has now been shed on that age-old problem of how to find the door key in the dark. A new key chain, hanging from a tiny, powerful flashlight which sheds its rays directly on the keys, has come into use. The light is slightly thicker than a pencil and about 2½ inches long, fitting into the pocket or purse easily.

FIRST day sales of the New York World's Fair stamp set an all-time record, the total sold being 1,964,743.

THE FRENCH steamship *Cari-mere* sailed from Le Havre recently to take up a position in mid-Atlantic, where she will act as a floating weather bureau. In addition to giving correct reports on weather, it will serve as a fixed landmark from which pilots can take their bearings. This is another step in trans-Atlantic air service.

JAPANESE - occupied northern Shansi requires each Chinese woman who wears her hair bobbed to pay a tax of two shillings a month.

TO MAKE air travel safer, emergency landing grounds at intervals of 50 and 100 miles are being established along routes operated by The South African Airways.

THE New York telephone company will give special reports on weather conditions. This is a detailed report lasting about 25 seconds and is an added service to subscribers.

CHICAGO is having a gold rush all its own. A famous old Capitol Building, former headquarters for jewellers, is being razed and it was found that the floors of the offices are filled with hundreds of pounds worth of gold filings and dust. An indication that the floors are more than ordinary kindling wood is seen in the fact that as much as 35 pounds worth of gold has been found in one square foot of floor space.

THE youth hostel movement that has such a following in England and Europe is being adopted in the United States. Groups are planning to spend summer vacations abroad and can do so for a very small amount.

A CHEMICAL compound, penta-chloraphenol, which has been in existence for a hundred years, will protect wood against termites, decay-producing fungi and other degrading agents, it was discovered by Mr. Ira Hatfield. Mr. Hatfield maintains that wood protection is essential in modern air-conditioned buildings because the greater year-around humidity creates conditions favourable for the depredations of these destructive forces.

From the Mission Field

Arrivals and Assignments—

The following travelling missionaries to labour in the British Mission arrived on board the *s.s. Aquitania* on Friday, May 5th, and were assigned as follows:

Elder Kenneth K. Barker (Salt Lake City, Utah), Norwich District; Elder Lee Roy Layton (Thatcher, Arizona), Liverpool District; Elder Stuart L. Tingey (Brigham City, Utah), Hull District; and Elder Clyde M. Lunceford (Provo, Utah), Birmingham District.

Appointment—

Elder Byron A. Howard was appointed supervising elder of Nottingham District on Monday, May 8th.

Doings in the Districts—

BRISTOL—Brother Walter Shortle, of Plymouth Branch, recently received press recognition for his splendid work in directing the well known play, "Housemaster," in Rhyl, Wales.

HULL—On Thursday, April 27th, a fish and chip supper in aid of the Relief Society fund was held at the home of Brother Henry Standley, under the direction of Sister Mary Kingswood, Relief Society president. The supper was prepared by Sister Ellen Standley.

A party in honour of Sister Eliza Whotton on her 80th birthday was recently given by Grimsby Branch members and friends in the Thrift Hall. A programme was presented, which included a reading by Sister Mary Thorpe, solo by Sister Iris Sherriff, monologue by Sister Mary Kingswood, selection on the piano-accordion by Mr. William Appleby, and a comedietta presented by Sisters Ellen Standley, Iris Sherriff, Evelyn Hall and Rita Hall. Sister Whotton was presented with a gift from the members and friends of the branch.

Gainsborough Branch M.I.A. held a social on Wednesday, April 26th. A programme of songs and stories was given, and refreshments were served by Sisters Ellen M. Cavanagh

and Florence Watson. Sister Marjorie Fitchett directed the games.

LEEDS—At a baptismal service held in Bradford Branch Chapel on Saturday, April 15th, the following were baptized and confirmed; Kenneth Wright was baptized by Elder John A. Stevens and confirmed by District President Herbert J. Walker; Margaret Lockwood was baptized by Elder Ivan D. Voorhees and confirmed by Supervising Elder Henry M. Taggart; Evelyn Ferran was baptized by Elder Irwin Foster and confirmed by Elder Taggart. Branch President A. J. Jennings was in charge of the meeting, and talks were given by Sister Rose Mugleston, lady missionary, and Elder John R. Briggs.

On Saturday, April 29th, in Bradford Branch Chapel, a baptismal service was held and the following were baptized and confirmed: William Taylor Smith was baptized by Elder Foster and confirmed by Elder Taggart; Dorothy Raper was baptized by Elder Foster and confirmed by Elder Taggart; Robert Harris was baptized by Brother Thomas Ledgard, Clayton Branch president, and confirmed by Elder John R. Briggs; Harold Flynn was baptized by Elder Jesse Moench and confirmed by District President Herbert J. Walker. Brother Walker took charge of the meeting and speakers were Sister Louise Matheson, lady missionary, and Elder John A. Stevens.

A dance was held on April 29th in support of the Bradford M Men baseball team. The M Men sponsored the dance and Brother Stanley Robertshaw arranged for the music.

The Bradford Branch M.I.A. held its annual M Men and Gleaner banquet on Saturday, April 15th. Sister Eileen M. Newsome, Gleaner president, was in charge, Supervising Elder Henry M. Taggart was the guest of honour, and District President Herbert Walker was toastmaster.

An operetta was presented by the Bradford Branch Relief Society on

Saturday, April 22nd. Those taking principal parts were Sisters Mary Elkington, Joan Bradbrook, Violet Jefferys and Ethel Bradbrook, with other members of the Relief Society and Sunday School assisting. Musical accompaniment was provided by Mrs. Ethel Marsden.

LONDON—South London Branch Relief Society have been especially active in genealogical work recently and during April sent 236 names to Salt Lake City. Genealogical work is progressing also in Catford Branch, from which over 200 names have been sent to Salt Lake City during the past few weeks.

The Relief Society of Catford Branch gave a farewell supper at the home of Sister Vera Kirby in honour of Elder Owen P. Gladwell, who was recently released. He was presented with a gift from the branch in appreciation for his work there.

MANCHESTER—At a baptismal service held in the Rochdale Baths on Wednesday, April 19th, the following were baptized and confirmed: Mary Ena Hulme was baptized by Supervising Elder S. Bruce Hanks and confirmed by Elder Harold L. Allen; George Fogg was baptized by Elder Clifford Bagley and confirmed by Elder Hanks. Speakers for the service were Elders Allen and Morris L. Mickleson, and the meeting was conducted by Elder Clarence A. Beckstrom.

The Rochdale Greys held a jumble sale in the branch hall on Friday, April 28th. They were assisted by the Relief Society, and a large crowd was in attendance.

NEWCASTLE—A lantern lecture was given to the Toc H Club at Gainsborough by Elders Delmar J. Young and Ralph J. Tingey. Brother Mitchell of Redcar Branch arranged the lecture.

Redcar, Middlesbrough and West Hartlepool Branches jointly presented a variety concert in West

Hartlepool Chapel on Wednesday, April 26th.

SCOTTISH—On Monday, April 10th, the annual Easter picnic of the Primary and Sunday School children of Glasgow Branch was held at Rouken Glen Park. Sister Jean White and Brother Walter Foote were in charge of the arrangements. Sixty members attended, of whom approximately half were children.

The M.I.A. spring banquet of Glasgow Branch was held on Tuesday, April 25th. The theme of the evening was "Springtime," and the hall was appropriately decorated. Dinner was served to 60 members and friends of the branch. Music for the evening was given by the Hawaiian Guitar Trio, consisting of Mr. Jim Martin, Mr. Val Neughtan and Mr. Alex Gordon, and by Sisters Mina and Jessie Thomsen. Following the banquet a play was given by the M.I.A. The cast included the following: Sisters Isabella Macdonald, Margaret Ruffel, Jean Macdonald, Helen Boyle, Alice Macmahon and Hazel Sands, and Elders J. Alvin Campbell and Hyrum M. Smith. It was directed by Supervising Elder Paul L. Badger. Brother William Scott made all arrangements for the dinner, and was assisted in serving by Sisters Ethel Hosie, Sarah Tomsen, Margaret Ruffel and Isabella Macdonald, and Sisters Ellen Rose and Ida Day Westerman, lady missionaries. The M.I.A. presidents, Sister Ethel Scott and Elder Fred A. Schwendiman, were in general charge of the committees.

SHEFFIELD—The Doncaster Branch Chorus, under the direction of Branch President Alvin T'Anson-Holton, sang at the Astra Cinema on Wednesday, April 26th, and Saturday, April 29th. The Chorus rendered their own arrangement of "On Ilkley Moor Baht 'Aht," and as an encore gave "The old Rugged Cross." They were very well received.

DEATH

SHORTT.—Brother John Shortt, 76, of Belfast, died on Monday, May

1st. He was buried on Wednesday, May 3rd, in the City Cemetery.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

(All meetings begin at 6.30 Sunday evenings unless otherwise indicated.)

- Aberdeen:**
Corn Exchange,
Hadden Street,
Off Market Street.
- Accrington:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.
- Airdrie:**
L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.
- Barnsley:**
Arcade Buildings.
- Batley:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Furwell Lane.
- Belfast:**
†Arcade Buildings,
122, Upper North St.
- Birmingham:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street.
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.
- Blackburn:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Chambers,
Lord Street, West.
- Bolton:**
Corporation
Chambers.
- Bradford:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
Off City Road.
- Brighton:**
105, Queen's Road.
- Bristol:**
L. D. S. Hall, Zion Rd.,
off Clarence Road.
- Burnley:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.
- Carlisle:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.
- Cheltenham-Stroud:**
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
Off North Place,
Cheltenham.
- Clayton:**
*Central Hall.
- Derby:**
Unity Hall.
- Doncaster:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.
- Dublin:**
†L. D. S. Hall,
8, Merrion Row.
- Eastwood:**
Library, Church St.
- Edinburgh:**
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.
- Gainsborough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
4B, Silver Street.
- Gateshead:**
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.
- Glasgow:**
L. D. S. Hall,
4, Nelson Street.
- Gravesend:**
Freeborn Hall,
Peacock Street.
- Great Yarmouth:**
L. D. S. Hall,
33a, Regent Street.
- Grimsbv:**
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.
- Halifax:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
Off Hansen Lane.
- Hucknall:**
*Byron Buildings.
- Hull:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.
- Hyde:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Reynolds Street.
- Kidderminster:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.
- Leeds:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
5, Westfield Road.
- Leicester:**
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.
- Letchworth:**
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.
- Liverpool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.
- London:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane
S.W.12.
Downham Fellowship
Club, between 29 & 30,
Arcus Rd., off Glenbow
Rd., Catford.
Ivy Hall,
Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.
- Loughborough:**
Adult School.
- Lowestoft:**
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.
- Luton:**
Dallow Road Hall,
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.
- Mansfield:**
39a, Albert Street.
- Manchester:**
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road,
C. on M.
- Merthyr Tydfil:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.
- Middlesbrough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
Off Linthorpe Road.
- Nelson:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.
- Northampton:**
*L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.
- Nottingham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.
- Norwich:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.
- Nuneaton:**
Masonic Hall.
- Oldham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.
- Plymouth:**
L. D. S. Hall,
34, Park Street,
Tavistock Road.
- Pontllanfraith:**
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street.
- Preston, Lancs:**
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham St.
Off Fishergate.
- Rawmarsh:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.
- Rochdale:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Shcriff St.
- Sheffield:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.
- Shildon:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.
- Skelton:**
Liberal Association
Hall, 13a, Queen's
Street, Redcar-on-Sea
- South Shields:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
98, Fowler Street.
- St. Albans:**
49, Spencer Street.
- Sunderland:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.
- Tipton, Wolverhampton:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Washington Building,
Berry Street.
- Varteg:**
Memorial Hall.
- West Hartlepool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.
- Wigan:**
*L and Y Station.

†—6.15 p.m.

*—6.00 p.m.

+—7.00 p.m.

‡—2.30 p.m.

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